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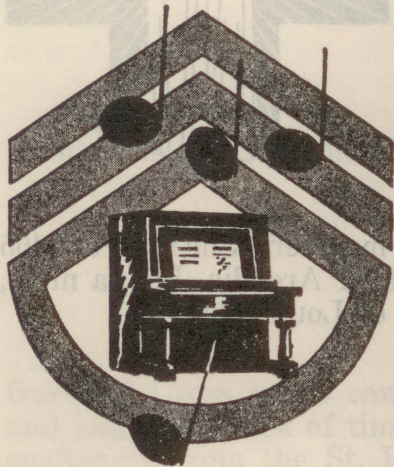
THE ROUEN POST

A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ROUEN POST No. 242

WILLIAM STACK

Editor

THE PIANO SERGEANT DEPARTS



Toby Dunville has left us. The former auditor of the St. Louis Mart Building, accompanied by Mrs. Dunville, the family bicycles, and a worn leather music roll, recently departed for Minneapolis, where he will enter the employ of the Ordnance Department.

Members of Rouen Post planned a farewell luncheon to be given at Dunville's convenience, but the canny auditor, sensing the possibility of being stuck with the check, slipped quietly out of town and announced his arrival in Minneapolis by a flood of insulting post card messages to former comrades.

We shall miss Dunville—the roly-poly “Piano Sergeant” whose playing lightened many a winter evening in Normandy. His solos in the sergeants mess still vibrate in our memory. One of Toby's favorite numbers was “When You're Away,” from Victor Herbert's operetta “The Only Girl.”

“When you're away, dear, how weary the lonesome hours.
Sunshine is gray, dear, the fragrance has left the flowers.”

The sentiment expressed in the foregoing lines is not to be confused with our attitude toward Dunville's departure. To say that his absence will lessen our appreciation of the sunshine and the flowers would be an overstatement worthy of Past Commander Hamilton. Nor by the most fantastic stretches of the imagination can we hear ourself addressing the overstuffed Piano Sergeant by such an affectionate term as “dear.” What we shall keenly miss is his sluggish reaction to the merry jibes directed at him during Rouen Post soirees. A perfect foil has faded from the scene. We are faced with the problem of developing a stooge to fill Dunville's shoes . . . and that, gentle reader, is no small task. We may be forced to call “Filbert” Depke or “Beaver” Byrns from the dugout.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY REUNION

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?

Dr. Edwin C. Ernst, of St. Louis, has been appointed chairman of the committee in charge of the reunion next May in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the departure of Base Hospital Unit 21 for duty overseas. The reunion will be held under the auspices of Rouen Post 242, American Legion, and plans are already under way for a gathering comparable to that of 1937. Dr. Ernst has not yet announced the exact date of the meeting but the program will again include a dinner on a Friday night and a cocktail party the following afternoon.

Those who attended the twentieth anniversary celebration will need no urging to be present at the coming party; and the comrades who missed that memorable event will have another opportunity to participate in an unforgettable week end.

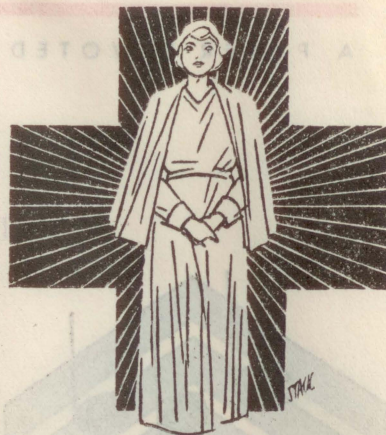
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LOUISE DIERSON DIES

Miss Louise Dierson, veteran public school nurse here, died at St. Luke's hospital of a heart ailment on Thursday, Sept. 4. Her funeral was held Saturday from the Alexander & Sons Chapel, 6175 Delmar boulevard with Dean Sweet of Christ Church Cathedral conducting the services. The body was sent to Louisville, Ky., Miss Dierson's birth-place, for burial.

Miss Dierson, 65 years old, was graduated from the St. Luke's Hospital School of Nursing in 1901. She became a public School nurse here in 1910, serving since 1929 at Hadley Technical High School. During the World War she was a member of Base Hospital Unit 21.

Special memorial services were held for Miss Dierson Friday night at the undertaking establishment by Quentin Roosevelt Post No. 1, American Legion, of which she was a member. She lived at 5465 Cabanne avenue. Surviving are a sister, Mrs. A. Bennett, of Arcadia, Fla., a niece, Mrs. R. M. Warfield, and a nephew, Andrew Morris, both of Louisville.



WISE

An apple orchard smells like wine;
A succory flower is blue;
Until Grief touched these eyes of mine,
Such things I never knew.

And now indeed I know so plain
Why one would like to cry
When spouts are full of April rain—
Such lonely folk go by.

So wise, so wise—that my tears fall
Each breaking of the dawn
That I do long to tell you all—
But you are dead and gone.

Lizette Woodworth Reese

Emma Habenicht entered the Veterans Hospital at Jefferson Barracks on September 10. Werner Hencke was recently discharged from the same institution . . . Lulu Bender Wimmer is a Government patient in Norbury private sanitarium at Jackson-ville, Illinois.

Bill Corum, nationally known sports editor of the New York Journal, was the principal speaker at a homecoming dinner in Booneville last spring. Corum, a former Booneville boy, was introduced by Walter Gantner, local cracker box philosopher.

Due to the heavily increased volume of work imposed upon the American Red Cross by defense programs, offices of seven departments of the St. Louis Chapter have been moved from 3723 Olive street to 388 North Vandeventer avenue, P. H. Byrns, executive secretary, announced September 23.

Byrns said requirements of the home service section which deals with personal problems of service men and their families, have so increased that the second floor of the Olive street building has been given over to this department.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A WORLD WAR NURSE

By Retta Snyder

Cuthbert has been sent to Blighty and I have just learned that he was a hairdresser in a swank west-end shop in London. My latest favorite has lost a foot and intends to raise rabbits after his discharge from the army. We all call him the black rabbit. He is twenty-three years old.

Blighty is the name applied to England since the war began. Some say it is a Scotch word—others claim the native troops from India introduced it; but, at any rate, it means home. There is a popular English war song that ends like this:

"See those transports ready to start
Bound for Blighty and glad to depart
Don't you know where Blighty is?
Why bless your heart!
It's the soldier's home sweet home."

Another widely-sung number is, "The Ship That Sails For Blighty:

"There's a ship that sails for Blighty
There's a smile behind the tears.
There's a star of hope still burning
Through the dark of waiting years.
There's a day of joy for someone,
When the night of pain is through
For the ship that sails for Blighty
May bring a loved one home to you."

Our Red Cross boxes came two days ago and just in the nick of time. It is the final equipment from the St. Louis Red Cross. The things we were told to get and couldn't at the last moment. Two lovely suits of flannelette pajamas, hot water bottle and cover, bed socks, blanket, rubber sheet, four white sheets and four pillow cases.

I bought a pair of ground-grippers from Harlan Marshall tonight. She doesn't like them but they are heaven to me. Big as all out doors so I can wiggle around. I could wear my own of course but they don't give me room to wiggle. On my rounds I carry a stable lantern sometimes shaded with a red handkerchief.

* * *

I have just been to supper and feel wide awake. We have good lunches at night—perfectly delicious coffee and you should see the cups. They hold even more than an Auntie Olson cup and Dad could put his nose in very comfortably. We have meat or eggs or salmon and potatoes or some other vegetable. There's a small open stove where we can make toast. We have canned fruit or plain pudding for dessert. Midnight supper is our best meal.

Harlan Marshall had a funny experience the other night. She left her sweater on an empty bed in a tent on her shell-shock line. A convoy came in and she was busy putting the men to bed. When she returned for her sweater she found it pinned to the bed with at least a dozen safety pins. She was so tickled she could hardly get the pins out.

Tonight Estelle Burch said she heard a dish pan fall with a great clatter. Of course she picked up her lantern and hurried into the tent. As she entered she heard a lot of teaspoons rattling in a corner of the tent. Then she heard cups rattling in another corner, the dishpan slid around and she wondered if she had lost her wits. It was only

(Continued on page 4)



Catholic Church, Infantry Depot, Rouen

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her shell-shocks playing a joke on her. They had things tied all over the tent. I hope I can go to those lines when I come off night duty. Shell-shock is very interesting work.

(To be continued)

ARMY CHOW

"Any complaints this morning?
Do we complain? Not we
Wats the matter with lumps of onion
Floatin' around in the tea?"

We spent the week end of September 19 as the guest of Major Louis DeYong, Public Relations Officer, at Fort Leonard Wood. Remembering the constant grumbling in the men's mess in Unit 21, we were especially interested in the meals served to the soldier of today. The enlisted men with whom we talked agreed that the Army buys excellent food but the shortage of experienced cooks results in rations being more tastily prepared in some kitchens than in others. The Army is training cooks as fast as possible but it will take time to establish a standard of culinary quality satisfactory to all messes. We noted additions to the menus that were unheard of in our army days. Well known brands of pickles, catsup, mustard, and meat sauces, adorn the long wooden tables.

The weekly consumption of meat products by the average soldier at Fort Leonard Wood runs approximately to four pounds of beef, six and one-half pounds of all other meats, one dozen eggs and about three-fourths of a pound of butter, according to figures released by the Quartermaster Sales Officer in July.

The Army is feeding its soldiers at a per capita cost of 42 cents a day—an increase of about 11 cents since the World War. A Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers told us he fed his men on the Mexican border in 1916 for 23 cents a man.

* * *

The name of David Millar, former mayor of University City, appears frequently in the local papers. His activities as President of the St. Louis Safety Council, usually afford him considerable publicity, but he recently broke into the news as counsel for a kindly fellow who was brought before a Glendale justice of the peace charged with shooting a little girl's pet terrier . . . Jim Sallee spent the month of July as a patient in the Veterans Hospital at Jefferson Barracks . . . Elmer (Pink) Bowman's family journeyed to Cape Cod to escape the blistering August heat but "Languid" Elmer remained at his desk in the Banner Ice Company. "I can think of no cooler spot than an ice plant," explained the former jam and butter dispenser in the company mess.

* * *

James (Fat) Woolcox, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, a former cook in the company kitchen, has been a patient for more than a year in the Veterans Hospital at Fort Harrison, Montana. In a recent letter Woolcox told of the unexpected visit of a former Unit member. He wrote: "I was sitting up in bed when a small, wiry chap walked in and greeted me by name. His face was familiar but I couldn't place him until he introduced himself as "Shorty" Richner. He had learned of my illness through a letter from Charles Jablonsky and, as he was passing through on the way to St. Louis, decided to pay me a visit . . . Give my regards to Nushan, Rogers, and the rest of the boys."

* * *

William (Pussycat) Rogers resides in Beverly Hills, California. Rogers, who ranged from sergeant to lance-corporal during his army service, is one of a small disgruntled group who have shown no interest in Unit reunions since their discharge from the army. The "Giant Pussycat" felt that he should have received a commission—others maintained that he was fortunate to have retained one stripe.